

Fressen

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Summary: Dragons do not normally like human meat, let alone human viking meat. However, dragons do, from time to time, consume humans under specific circumstances. Sometimes, it's an act of aggression. Other times, it's out of pure starvation - a desperation to survive.

Fressen

****A very quick practice short. Warning for explicit gore and cannibalism.****

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><p>Fressen

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><p>Dragons do not normally like human meat, let alone human viking meat, and for good reason. Hiccup imagined that viking flesh is tough and doesn't digest well, much like their personalities. However, dragons do, from time to time, consume humans under specific circumstances. Sometimes, it's an act of aggression, as evident in Gobber's case of missing limbs. Other times, it's out of pure starvation - a desperation to survive.

Hiccup had been flying with Snotlout to scope out the perimeters of the island for uninvited ships boarding, as a few tribe members had claimed to have seen. They'd been around, but hadn't seen much of anything out of the ordinary. It was getting dark, and winter nights were never pleasant on Berk. Especially when thick, agitated clouds flooded the sky. They'd rounded the side of Berk opposing the village, before deciding it was time to head back, when something happened.

"Hey wait!" Snotlout yelled above the rising wind. "I think I see

something!"

Hiccup squinted to where his friend was pointing, but could see nothing. Snow was beginning to swirl from the sky, with little semblance of delicacy; the storm was taking no time at all to pick up.

"I don't see it!" Hiccup called back.

"I think someone's started a camp fire!" Snotlout explained, gesturing to an unclear shape in the distance that could have been smoke.

Without further confrontation, he began to fly in the direction. Hiccup yelled for him to return, that it was too dangerous - especially now that the winds were raging and snow was beginning to fall in much thicker flakes. But it was too late - Snotlout could no longer hear him. With an annoyed grunt, Hiccup and Toothless flew to catch up to him.

They flew for several minutes, but it was getting increasingly difficult to see in the now blankets of snow that were descending upon them. Even above the screeching sounds of wind, though, Hiccup heard the sound of crashing before he saw it. He heard the horrifying noise that accompanied trees splintering, snapping in half, and the gut-wrenching yelp of pain that Hookfang emitted.

In the snow, droplets of blood rained upon them.

Toothless was so spooked that he practically fell from the sky; he and Hiccup crash-landed in a crevice within the mountains, barely covered from the storm. Snotlout was just outside the cave, his body sprawled face-down in the snow. A broken chunk of one of Hookfang's horns was still grasped within his fist.

Hiccup, pale faced and petrified, dragged him into their makeshift shelter. He wanted, so desperately, to look outside for Hookfang - but he knew that it was too dangerous to leave the bit of cover they had.

Still, he clung to the hope that the storm would lift soon, especially when Snotlout didn't awaken. He breathed shallowly, but one of his legs was broken and there was a large gash in his stomach where a chunk of wood jutted out. He huddled against Toothless and Snotlout, attempting to keep the three of them warm, and his dragon curled around them protectively.

Hiccup didn't know how much time had passed. He slipped in and out of consciousness during times - it could have been hours, it could have been days. Snotlout kept on with his shallow breathing and unconscious state. The storm pressed on, and Hiccup's tears froze against his face.

He could feel Toothless' stomach growling against his back; he could feel Toothless' scales bristle. He saw his eyes dilate and then thin out. The two of them were starving. They hadn't eaten much before they'd left to search for the suspicious boats and had been searching for awhile before they'd halted.

It didn't take long for Toothless to start moaning unpleasantly. He

was in pain, and he kept staring at Snotlout, sniffing him in a way that he often sniffed food. It made Hiccup horrified and uncomfortable. He'd weakly pushed Toothless away from Snotlout's body, and the first several times, Toothless obeyed.

But eventually the time came when Hiccup was too weak to stop him.

Toothless had hesitated, but he sniffed Snotlout, and then - yanked the protruding wood from his stomach. Snotlout's breathing immediately became erratic and blood gushed from the wound. He made a pained sound and his eyes fluttered, before opening in hazy confusion.

Toothless began to lick the blood trailing from his cut, slurping it up desperately. Snotlout made incoherent gurgling sounds as Hiccup began to sob, trembling pathetically against Toothless' side.

It was then that Toothless chomped through the flesh - his large teeth cut through it, pulling out stubborn tendons and sucking them into his waiting throat. Snotlout made a poor attempt at yelling, but his throat was too hoarse, and Hiccup watched as the bit of light in his eyes faded. He dry heaved when Toothless yanked out an organ and devoured it greedily.

The dragon continued to dig through his flesh, making loud swallowing noises every so often as the flesh collected in his throat. He pried open the bones, his nose digging into Snotlout's rib cage and his blunt tongue collecting the contents as he grunted in satisfaction.

Toothless turned to Hiccup at some point, fresh blood dripping down his broad chin, eyes innocent and caring as he tilted his head. He used his tail to urge Hiccup closer to Snotlout's half-devoured body, his pale eyes staring upwards as everything between his collar bones and hips faded into sloppy chunks of bloody meat.

Hiccup gagged and sobbed, shaking his head, but Toothless was persistent for Hiccup to survive as well. It must have dawned upon Toothless that apparently Hiccup could not tear through Snotlout's flesh on his own, so he began to regurgitate bits of what he'd eaten. Hiccup finally relented, squeezing his eyes shut and making whimpering sounds as Toothless used his tongue to push the bits of Snotlout's flesh into his mouth.

It slid down his throat, coated in viscous layers of dragon saliva and blood, but it was hot and it was substance and it brought warmth into Hiccup's body, making him feel a lot less weak. Hiccup wrapped his arms around Toothless' body and wept into his inky scales.

When help finally arrived, there was no longer a sign of Snotlout, save for his bones and bits of scattered clothing the two survivors hadn't bothered to consume. His remains were buried in snow.

When asked about what had happened to Snotlout and Hookfang, Toothless responded with an indifferent expression and Hiccup could only manage one reply.

"The storm devoured them."

End
file.